

CRIME MUST PAY THE

PENALTY

PENALTY!

ACE

TRUE CASES OF ACTUAL CRIMES

JUNE 10c

NO. 26

COME OUT WITH
YOUR HANDS UP!
WE'VE GOT THE PLACE
SURROUNDED!

COME AND GET ME,
COPPERS! I AIN'T
WALKING INTO THE
HOT SEAT WITHOUT
A FIGHT!

**GUARD KILLED
IN BANK HOLDUP**
Man Dies In Brief Exchange With Thief

"The bonds William and I bought
for our country's defense
helped build a house for us!"

HOW U. S. SAVINGS BONDS PAID OFF
FOR MRS. ROSE NYSE OF BRISTOL, PA.

"There's nothing more wonderful than a house
and garden of your own," says Mrs. Nyse,
"and no easier way to own one than to save for it
through U. S. Savings Bonds and the
safe, sure Payroll Savings Plan."



Mrs. Rose Nyse says,
"In 1942 William and I
started making U. S.
Savings Bonds a part
of our plan for financial
security. I joined the
Payroll Savings Plan
at the Westmont Soap
Co. where I work, and
before long, I had
been a month, knowing
my money was being
working for me. U. S.
Savings Bonds coming
to make saving easier."



"Savings Bonds alone
made a \$1000 down
payment on house!"
says Mrs. Nyse. "Al-
together, we've saved
\$4000 put in bonds
bought through Payroll
Savings, and we are
keeping right on. When
settled, our bonds will
make the difference in
house comfort and get-
ting by. Bonds offer
a private and profit-
ful way to security."

You can do what the Nyses are doing
—the time to start is now!

Maybe you can't save quite as much as
William and Rose Nyse, maybe you can
save more. But the important thing is to
start now! It only takes three simple steps.

1. Make the big decision—to put saving first—
before you even draw your pay.
2. Decide to save a regular amount system-
atically, week after week, or month after month.
Even small sums, saved on a systematic basis,
become a large sum at an amazingly short time!
3. Start saving by signing up today in the
Payroll Savings Plan where you work.

You'll be providing security not only for
yourself and your family, but for the
blended free way of life that's so very im-
portant to every American.

FOR YOUR SECURITY, AND YOUR
COUNTRY'S TOO, SAVE NOW—
THROUGH REGULAR PURCHASE OF
U. S. SAVINGS BONDS!



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PATHWAY to an Early Grave

HE 10-YEAR TERM WAS ALMOST UP... AND BOB ROBERT, FORMER KINGPIN OF THE RACKETEERS, WAS THINKING ABOUT HIS FUTURE... A FUTURE AS CONDUCTOR OF HIS PAST? NOT ONCE. DURING THAT 10-YEAR PERIOD, DID HE LOOK BACK ON HIS PREVIOUS ACTIVITIES WITH REGRET? NO, HIS ONLY REGRET WAS IN LEAVING HIMSELF OPEN TO CAPTURE... EARLY IN 1943 HE SAUNTERED INTO THE PRISON LIBRARY FOR THE FIRST TIME...

CAN THE WISE CRACKS, LANDS? I'VE BEEN KEEPING AN EYE ON YOU! YOU'RE A SMART COOKER! WHERE CAN WE TALK... PRIVATELY?

YOU... I'LL BE... IF IT AINT DENIS ROBERT? DON'T TELL ME YOU'VE SECRETLY DEVELOPED AN INTEREST IN LITERATURE?

AN ACTUAL CASE

THIS SPOT IS SAFE ENOUGH, DENIS? WHAT'S THE PITCH?

LIKE I SAID, YOU'RE A CLEVER GUY! YOU SHOWED IT WHEN YOU LANDED THIS SOFT JOB FOR YOURSELF! YOU'LL BE GETTING OUTTA HERE ABOUT THE SAME TIME I WILL! I'VE GOT BIG PLANS! YOU WANT IN?

YEAH, I'LL RIDE ALONG! WHAT'VE I GOT TO LOSE?

JUST LOOK ME UP ON THE OUTSIDE! BE SEEING YA! I'VE GOT SOME OTHER RECRUITS TO INTERVIEW NOW!

THINK!

IN THE DATE THAT FOLLOWS, DUNE DRIFTS TO VARIOUS SECTIONS OF THE PENITENTIARY, LEAVING BOON TO BE RELEASED INMATES FOR HIS BIG DEAL... IN THE METAL SHOP, IN THE PRISON YARD, IN THE DINING HALL...



AND SO, A FEW MONTHS LATER, THE FOUR MEN GENE CARRER, ARTHUR BARRON, PAUL GRAY, AND MARK LAMBO, HAVING BEING RELEASED, MET WITH DUNE ROBERT IN HIS PUNCH HOTEL APARTMENT.



SAY, DUNE... WHAT HAPPENS IF ONE OF OUR "CLIENTS" IS ACTUALLY NABBED WHILE PULLING A JOB?

FOR CONVICTED GUNS, WE GIVE BENEFITS. TAKE CARE OF THEIR FAMILIES! YOU KNOW... LIKE AN INSURANCE COMPANY!



A VERY NICE COSTUME, DUNE... BUT WE'VE GOT THE EASY DUNE COME IN?

WE GET 'EM TO SIGN UP WITH US, AND WE TAKE A CUT OUT OF EVERY JOB THEY PULL! IF THEY GET IN TROUBLE, WE SUPPLY THE LAWYERS, PADDOY WITNESSES...



NOW, IT'S UP TO YOU GUYS TO GET IN TOUCH WITH YOUR OLD CROWNS. PROMOTE GOOD RELATIONS WITH 'EM, AND GET 'EM TO SIGN UP! AFTER WHILE OUR PROTECTION WILL SELL ITSELF AS WORD GETS AROUND! NOW GET GOING!





THE SECOND STEP WAS TO CONVINCE A JURY WITH FORWARDED TESTIMONY.

YES, SIR. I'VE A WITNESS AT THE GARDENIA CLUB ON THE NIGHT IN QUESTION. I SAW THE DEFENDANT THERE WITH A GIRL WHO WAS THERE TILL HE CLOSED UP!



I THINK IT'S MERE DESIGN, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN OF THE JURY, THAT MY CLIENT'S SO-CALLED "FRIEND" DELIBERATELY LIES IN HOPE OF A RECOMMENDATION FOR CLEMENCY!



THAT GIRL AND THE VENDOR DID THE TRICK LAND! THE KID'S ACCUSATION WILL START THE BALL ROLLING!



WE, THE JURY, FIND THE DEFENDANT NOT GUILTY!

VERY, YOU SITH! NOW YOU'RE LIT'RY! WE TAKE THE WHOLE RAFT!

I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT, YOU RAT!



THE FOLLOWING DAY BROUGHT AN ALMOST UNCONTROLLABLE DELUGE OF RACKETEERS, CROOKS, AND PETTY THIEVES TO DUKE'S OFFICE.

THEY ALL WANT TO KICK UP MR. ROBERTS AFTER SEEING THE SMALL WAY YOU TREATED ME!



SURE, WHAT'S A LOUSY 25% CUT, COMPARED TO THE INSURANCE WE GET!



BY THE END OF 1946, DUKE'S BUSINESS WAS THWARTING AND BRUISING MANY EMBARRASSED MEN TO THE LOCAL DISTRICT ATTORNEY.

NOT GUILTY!

THE BLIND FOLK THEY COULDN'T SEE THROUGH THOSE FAKE WITNESSES!



SAY, LOOK AT THAT! THAT'S DUKE ROBERTS WALKING OUT WITH HIM! WHAT'S HIS CONNECTION WITH THIS CASE?



HMM! ROBERTS' MAKING A REGULAR PRACTICE OF ATTENDING TRIALS LATELY. I'M BEGINNING TO SEE THE LIGHT!



LATER, IN HIS OFFICE, THE DA CAREFULLY INSTRUCTED TWO PLAYBOYSMEN.



IT'S MORE THAN A COINCIDENCE THAT ROBERTS ATTENDED EVERY TRIAL I'VE LOST RECENTLY. I WANT HIS OFFICE WATCHED CONSTANTLY! I WANT TO KNOW WHOM HE SEES AND WHEN!

A PHONY WITNESS RACKET, BUT RIGHT CHIEF!

TRANSACTIONS RAN SMOOTHLY AND QUIETLY, ENDING IN ANY FORM OF VIOLENT ACTION UNTIL ONE CRISP NIGHT IN FEBRUARY, 1944. ONE OF HIS CLIENTS, CONRAD FREY, PULLED A STATION WAGON TO THE CURB IN FRONT OF A JEWELRY STORE, ON A DARK STREET...

WITH EXPERIENCED, PRECISE MOVEMENTS, FREY AND HIS ACCOMPANICE EFFICIENTLY SAWED THE HEAVY, PASTED-LADEN SHEET OF PAPER FROM THE WAGON AND SLAPPED IT FIRMLY AGAINST THE WINDOW...

SOON AS I GET THIS PASTE SPREAD ON THICK, I'LL SHOW YOU HOW A "PHILADELPHIA BLANKET" WORKS!

THAT'S IT! SPREAD IT AROUND SMOOTHLY UNTIL IT STICKS TO THE WINDOW ALL OVER!



IF YOU'RE GONNA BUGG THE WINDOW ANYWAY, WHAT'D YA NEED THE PASTE AND PAPER FOR?

FIRST OF ALL, IT DEAFENS THE SOUND OF CRASHING GLASS... AND SOMETIMES IT HELPS KEEP THE BURGLAR ALARM IN-TACT! NOW WATCH!

WHAT! IT-IT DIDN'T WORK! THE ALARM WENT OFF! FREY-WE GOTTA LAM OUTTA HERE!

COWEN, LEAD UP WITH THIS 'ICE' BEFORE THE COPS ARE DOWN ON OUR NECKS!

A COP'S ANNOYANCE HEARD... THE ALARM! I'M GONNA PUNT HIM!

WAIT! JUST SEND A COUPLE OF GUYS IN HIS DIRECTION TO MAKE HIM TAKE COVER! THAT'LL KEEP HIM FROM SPOTTING THE LI-CENSE! A COP-KILLING WILL GET THE TOWN ABLAZE!



AND, THE NEXT MORNING...

IT'S ABOUT TIME YOU GUYS SHOWED UP! DID YOU READ THE PAPER?

WHAT'S DAT? YOU, DINK? SOMETHING SOME MAYHEM! LET'S SEE!

COME PUNK KNOCKED OVER A JEWELRY STORE AND NABBED 10 G'S - NORTH OF SPARKLER! SO WHAT?

HE USED THE "PHILADELPHIA BLANKET"! THE JOB WAS ALL THE SAGMARKS OF CONRAD FREY - ONE OF OUR CLIENTS! IF HE WASN'T WELSHING ON HIS CONTRACT, HE'D BE HERE BY NOW!



DUKE'S ORDERS WERE BLUNT AND CONCISE! TWENTY MINUTES LATER...

HE HADN'T SHOWN TOWN YET! STILL SLEEPING! HE COULDN'T BE FORCED THE STUFF YET, SO IT MUST BE HERE!

KEEP HIM COVERED, MARK! WE'LL HAVE ARTIE AND I SEARCH THE PLACE!



HEY! WHAT IS THIS? LAUGH, WHAT ARE YOU DOING? WHERE ARE YOU GUYS LOOKING FOR?

NOT "ICE" FROM THE LOT! FROM THE JOB YOU RAILED LAST NIGHT!



HA! HERE IT IS! RIGHT IN THE DRESSER DRAWER! SEE DIDN'T I EVEN TRY HIDING IT!

YOU'RE IN HOT WATER, PRET! NOW, INSTEAD OF 25%, WE TAKE IT ALL... AND LEAVE YOU WITH A WEDGED-UP KISSER!



NO! DON'T! IT WAS JUST A GAG! GAWW! I WAS WAITING TILL I FORCED THE STUFF BEFORE I... OWWWW!

KEEP IT UP, BOYS! HIS SCREAMS ARE MUSIC TO MY EARS!



LARRY! YOU FROGGED IT RIGHT THAT TIME, DUKE! HERE'S THE WHOLE TANK! TEN GRAND WORTH OF JEWELS!

PRET'S CRASH WILL SERVE AS AN EXAMPLE TO ANYONE WHO THINKS HE CAN CROSS DUKE MORBERT! WHAT DID YOU DO WITH THE BODY?

HUH? WHAT BODY?



PRET'S, OF COURSE! DON'T TELL ME YOU DIDN'T "FELL" WHAT? WHY YOU IDIOT... YOU DON'T THINK HE'S GONNA TAKE THIS LYING DOWN? HE'LL BLAM ABOUT OUR SETUP!

HE'S PROBABLY STILL OUT FROM THAT BEATING WE GAVE HIM! WE'LL GO BACK, AND...



I'M GOIN' ALONG, YOU LUNKHEAD! JUST TO MAKE SURE!

WE LEFT THE CAR AT THE SERVICE ENTRANCE! LET'S GET OUT THE BACK WAY! IT'S QUICKER!



BUT AS GOME'S CAR PULLED INTO THE BLOCK WHERE FREY RESIDED...

LOOK! HE'S TOO LATE! THERE'S FREY NOW... PULLING OUT IN HIS STATION WAGON!

KEEP AFTER HIM!

HEY! CAME BACK TO POUND ME OFF! GOTTA LOSE 'EM!

OUT ON THE HIGHWAY, FREY DIDN'T HAVE A CHANCE / LAMBO'S AIM PROVED TRUE...

THE RAIN! THEY GOT MY NEAR TIRE! I'VE GOTTA STOP AND MAKE A RUN FOR IT!

MOMENTS LATER...

GOT 'IM! HE'S ALL YOURS, DUKE!

DRAW HIM BACK HERE! WE'LL SHOVE HIM IN THAT CRATE OF HIS, SET FIRE TO IT, AND SEND IT OFF THE ROAD!

SPREAD THE WORD AROUND THAT WHAT FREY GOT IN ON! A SAMPLE OF WHAT I GISH OUT TO DOUBLE-CROSSERS! I DON'T WANT ANY MORE BUSINESS LIKE THAT!

Right, DUKE!

THE LAST THING GOME EXPECTED WAS TROUBLE FROM WITHIN HIS ORGANIZATION, BUT ON THE DAY FOLLOWING FREY'S MURDER...

DUKE! IT'S MY NO BROTHER, DAVE! HE WAS PULLIN' A JOB AND NOT NABBED AFTER KILLIN' A COP! IT LOOKS BAD! YOU GOTTA HELP HIM!

HE'S NOT A CLIENT! THE ANSWER IS NO!

BUT HE'S MY BROTHER, DUKE! WE CAN'T LET HIM BURN!

HE HAD HIS CHANCE TO SIGN UP, BUT DON'T WORRY, HE WON'T GET OFF WITHOUT US, ANTONY!

BUT THE TRIAL WAS QUICK AND DAVE'S BROTHER WAS FOUND GUILTY AND SENTENCED TO THE ELECTRIC CHAIR...

DAVE'S GONNA BURN, DUKE! AND IT'S ALL YOUR FAULT!

YOU'RE BEEN WORKING TOO HARD, PHE! YOU NEED A REST! WHY DON'T YOU TAKE A LITTLE VACATION?

WHY AM I OUT AND LASHED UP AGAIN?

I QUOTE PHIL'S OUTLINED HIS USEFULNESS TO THE ORGANIZATION IN HIS CONVICTION. HE PRESENTS A THREAT! YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO, DON'T YOU?

LEAVE IT TO ME, DAVE!



SEVERAL MINUTES LATER, IN A BAR DOWNSTAIRS...

I'VE BEEN A SAP! WHY SHOULD I CARE WHAT'S HAPPENING TO DAVE? DAVE WAS RIGHT! I OOPS! I BETTER TELL DAVE I'M...

OWEN, PHIL, LET'S GO! YOUR CARE RIGHT OUTSIDE!



MARK... LISTEN! YOU'VE GOT ME WRONG! I WANT SONNIA RAN ON THE ORGANIZATION!

STOW IT, PHIL! I AMN'T INTERESTED! JUST START REALIN'!



HE'S SONNIA KILL ME UNLESS I THAT FIRE HYDRANT! THAT'S IT? I'LL...

HEY! WHAT'S PHIL DOING? C'MON, YOU GUYS! DOWN STAIRS AND FAST!



UNKNOWING THAT MARK LANGE WAS KILLED IN THE CRASH, DAVE, OWEN, AND GENE RACED TO THE STREET AND OPENED FIRE ON THE EMERGING PHIL...

IT'S PHIL! DON'T LET HIM GET AWAY! KILL HIM!

DAVE NORBERT--IN ACTION! JUST WHAT WE'VE BEEN WAITING FOR! LET'S NAB HIM!



BUT DAVE HAD SPOTTED THE DETECTIVES AND THE POLICEMAN, AND...

DON'T LET 'EM TAKE US! SHOOT 'EM DOWN!

THEY WANT TO FIGHT IT OUT! LET 'EM HAVE IT!



A SHORT, QUICK GUN BATTLE BROUGHT DAVE NORBERT'S CRIME CAREER TO AN END!

DON'T SHOOT! I GAVE UP!

WE'VE BEEN WATCHING YOU FOR MONTHS, NORBERT--JUST WAITING FOR ONE FALSE STEP! THE D.A. WILL BE MIGHTY HAPPY TO SEE YOU!

THESE TWO WILL LIKE TO JOIN YOU IN THE CHAIR--FOR MURDER!



THE END

The Killers who Wouldn't Forget

OKAY, BALK! I'VE STOPPED RUNNING! IF YOU WANT ME, COME AND GET ME!

WE'LL GET YOU, DOUBLE-CROSSER! WE'VE BEEN PLANNIN' NOTHING ELSE FOR TEN YEARS!

AN ACTUAL CASE



THIS IS THE STORY OF A HATED THAT COULD ONLY END IN DEATH FOR HATE OR HATED, OR BOTH... AND THE WAY IT ENDED DEPENDED ON ME!



IT SEEMS LIKE YESTERDAY WHEN FRED LEVINE CAME BACK TO BRON CITY WITH TWO STRANGERS. TOO MANY ASK—WHY AM I THINKING OF LEVINE TODAY—?

ANYWAY, FRED LEVINE CAME BACK TO BRON CITY, AND I WAS AT THE STATION WHEN HE GOT OFF THE TRAIN...

ANOTHER VISIT, FRED? I DON'T KNOW, OR ARE YOU SETTLING DOWN THIS TIME?

ALL IT DEPENDS—COME ON, BOYS, WE'RE LATE!



IT'S A BIG DAY IN MY LIFE! BIG BECAUSE THE DANGER I FACED WAS BIG, I GUESS. AND YET THE TOWN I LIVE IN IS SMALL--



I MADE IT A HABIT OF STUDYING THE WANTED POSTERS. SOMETHING ABOUT FRED LEWIS' TWO PAIR ADDED MY INTEREST.

I'VE BEEN WITH THEM BEFORE ON A WALL!

---YOU'RE ARGUING WITH COPPERS, FRED? BAD HABIT TO GET INTO! COPPERS ARE PRISONERS A BULLET'S LENGTH AWAY!

AL BONGONI'S AN OLD FRIEND I WENT TO SCHOOL WITH HIM!



SOON ENOUGH THE FACES OF DEL GARDO AND JOE HALL ADORNED THE PRISON WALL. I THOUGHT VERY HARD ABOUT WHAT I SHOULD DO NEXT.

THEY'RE PROBABLY HIDING OUT FROM A JOB THEY DID IN THE BIG CITY! BUT WHAT'S FRED DOING WITH THEM?

STREETERS, AL I KEEP IT UP AND YOU'LL WIN! UP POLICE COMMISSIONER!



FLIPPING AROUND FRED'S SAMBACKE HOUSE WHERE HIS WIFE AND BOY LIVED ANSWERED ONE QUESTION ANYWAY. WHY FRED HAD LEFT THE BETTING WORLD OF THE BIG CITY SO SOON.

YOUR WIFE NEEDS AN OPERATION, MR. LEWIS. AND IMMEDIATELY! A SPECIALIST WILL HAVE TO COME DOWN FROM THE BIG CITY!

WHAT DO I USE FOR MONEY, DOCTOR?



AN ARGUMENT FOLLOWS AT THE END OF IT, THE MURDER MEN GAVE IN.

I KNOW FOR YOU AND DEL. I TOLD YOU TO GET TO GET THE DOGS, FRED! I WANT NO PART OF IT!

OKAY! JUST PICK THE SPOT, THERE'S NO OTHER WAY OUT! THIS IS A HICK BUNG IF THEY DON'T CATCH US IN CH. OR NEW YORK, HOW CAN THEY HAIL US HERE?



THAT NIGHT, THE THREE MEN WALKED TO A SMALL FACTORY ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF TOWN. FRED LEWIS WENT TO WORK IN HIS OFFICE BEFORE HE WENT TO THE BIG TOWN.

THAT BATHING MEANS JUST ONE THING! THEY'RE GOING TO BLOW THE OFFICE SAFE!

YOU WAIT OUT HERE, FRED! TAKE THE COO! IF YOU SEE ANYTHING, MAKE SURE YOU HIT THE CRAMP YOU ARE AT!



THE TWO PROFESSIONALS WENT INSIDE. A MINUTE LATER, I WALKED TOWARD THE ANTELOPE, SHY IN HAND.

(GASP) AL! NO! DON'T COME CLOSER, OR I'LL KILL YOU!

THROW DOWN YOUR GUN, FRED, I MEAN BUSINESS! NOT YOU, FRED! YOU'RE NOT A GUNMAN!



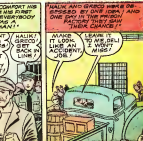
THE FACES OF FRED'S PAIS WERE STORMS IN JUDG WHEN HE WALKED IN...

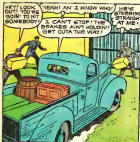


A MINUTE LATER, HALK WAS DYING WITH A BULLET IN HIS STOMACH, AND DEL GRACO WAS REVELING FRED!



BUT THE RELATIONSHIP BETWEEN FRED AND HIS COMPANIONS GREW WORSE. IN ORDER TO MAKE AMENDS, FRED TURNED STATE'S EVIDENCE AND TOOK HIMSELF ON THE MERCY OF THE COURT...





LEWIS FREED LEWIS ESCAPED AN ACCIDENTAL DEATH, BUT THE TIME HE WAS TRANSFERRED TO ANOTHER PRISON, WHERE HE SERVED HIS SENTENCE WITHOUT EVENT...



"EVERY ONCE IN A WHILE I'D DROP IN ON FRED, AND SEE HOW HE WAS DOING. ONE THING I REMEMBERED TO BRING ON HIS MIND."



"DID I DO THE WRONG THING, ALL DID I REALLY DOUBLE-CROSS DOBBIE - CROSS DOBBIE AND HALIK?"

"NOT UNLESS YOU'RE SORRY YOU DIDN'T SHOOT ME THAT NIGHT OUTSIDE THE SHIPPING BALL BEARING WORKS!"

"BUT NOT EVEN I COULD GUESS THAT AS YEARS PASSED, DOBBIE AND HALIK LIVED ON TO ENJOY ONE HATED."



"I HEAR FIVE IS DOIN' FINE IN HIS HOME TOWN!"

"BECAUSE I CAN'T WAIT TILL HE COMES UP FOR PAROLE, DEL. THEN-- FREEDOM TO KILL THAT DOBBIE-CROSSER!"

"BUT WHEN THE PARKER BOARD OFFER..."



"I'M SORRY, GREGG! I'VE BEEN IN THIS RAT HOLE TEN YEARS YOU GOTTA LET ME OUT!"

"YOU'RE A CHORING TRICKLE-MAKER! WE CAN'T PAROLE YOU!"



"I GOT TURNED DOWN, TOO, JOE! NOW WE GOTTA SERVE FIVE MORE YEARS IN THIS CHEESE BOX!"

"NO, WE DON'T! I GOT AN ESCAPE PLAN! LISTEN..."

"TWO DAYS LATER, AFTER MAKING A DOZEN SO-CALLED COORDINATE CONTACTS JOINED IN THE SCHEME..."



"GARY, GUN! GO FOR GREGG!"

"TAKE OUT THEIR GUARDS! GEAR THEIR GUNS!"

"LOOK OUT!"



"KEEP GOIN', JOE! HEAD FOR THEM GATES, AND WE'LL BE OUTTA HERE IN A MINUTE!"

"THE PLAN'S WORKIN', DEL! WE'RE GONNA MAKE IT!"



"IN SPADES, JOE! IN SPADES!"

"AFTER TEN YEARS WITH-- THE DAY OF RECKONIN'!"

AN HOUR LATER, WARNING
ABOUT THE ESCAPED KILLERS
WERE BROADCAST...

BE ON THE
LOOKOUT FOR
GREGG AND
BALK! THEIR
DESCRIPTORS
FOLLOW...

FRED?
YOU KNOW
THOSE TWO?
YOU'RE
THEIR
FIRST
TARGET!

RESTAURANT

YES! I
KNOW!
THEY WON'T
REST UNTIL
THEY GET
THEIR
REVENGE!
MY FATHER
WAS KIDNED
TO DESTROY
ME, BALK!

WE WON'T LET
IT, FRED!
YOU'RE
CLOSING UP
THE PLACE
AT ONCE!
WE'RE
MOVING
OUT OF
TOWN...
NOW!

THREE HOURS LATER...

BUT WE
DON'T
TELL
ANYBODY
WHERE
WE
WERE
GOING!
WE MUST
WILL
THEY
THINK

WHAT?
EVERY
THEY
PLANE!
YOUR
LIFE AND
MINE ARE
IN A
HANDS!
WE MUST
LEAVE ANY
CLUES
BEHIND!

MEANWHILE, 20 MILES AWAY...

THE POLICE HAVE
FOUND ANOTHER
VICTIM OF GREGG
AND BALK'S MAD
DASH FOR FREEDOM!
ALL AUTOMOBILISTS,
BEWARE! STOP
FOR NO REASON!

THEY
DON'T
HAVE
TO
STOP
FOR
NO
REASON!

NOPE! YOU
CAN GET
ANYTHING
WITH A
BILLET!
NOW, THERE'S
ONLY 40
MILES FROM
GREEN CITY!

BUT WHEN THE HOMICIDAL PARTNERS
ARRIVED AT FRED'S RESTAURANT...

ALL DARK AND
BOARDED UP!
THE CRIME
KNOWS WHAT
WE BEATED
OUT FOR!

QUIET! THERE'S A CHICK
OUTSIDE! -- GET SISTER,
WHERE'D THE LEWIS
CHECK OUT TO!

I -- I DON'T KNOW!
THEIR HOUSE IS
SHUT UP, TOO! I
CAN'T UNDERSTAND
IT!

MAYBE WE CAN
FIND OUT WHERE
THEY WENT TO
FROM THE NEWS
COMPANY, EH, DEL?

I'D PUSHED FRED TO WASH HIM, BUT I
RECEIVED NO ANSWER, SO I DROVE
DOWN TO THE BATTERY...

I GUESS WE'RE NOT THE
ONLY ONES WONDERING --
WHERE THE LEWIS WENT
TO, GET POWSON! THERE
WERE TWO MEN HERE
LOOKING FOR THEM,
TOO!

WHAT'S FOR,
SARAH GIRL?
DELIVER
THEM
TO ME!

RESTAURANT

THE TWO MEN WERE GRECO AND HULK! KNOWING OF THEIR OBSESSION FOR FRED, I WAITED AS THEIR FOLLOWING WAS TAIL... BUT FRED HAD IDEAS OF HIS OWN!

-- TO DATE, GRECO AND HULK HAVE TAKEN THE LIVES OF THREE INNOCENT PEOPLE!

BUT, I'M RUNNING NO BUSINESS! FURTHER, I RUN THE MORE INNOCENT PEOPLE ARE FORCED TO DEATH ON MY ACCOUNT?

BUT IF THEY CATCH YOU, THEY'LL KILL YOU, FRED!



FRED SAID HE UNDERSTOOD THAT, BUT THAT HE'D HAVE TO FACE THE MUSIC ALONE...

SURE I CAN TAKE A SIDE ROAD TO HURLEYVILLE, FRED -- BUT WHAT ABOUT YOU?

I'M GOING ON TO GREENVIEW! THAT'S WHERE HULK AND GRECO ARE PROBABLY HEADED BY THIS TIME!



TWO HOURS LATER THE KILLERS ARRIVED IN GREENVIEW HERE THEY MET WITH A SURPRISE...

DEL! JOE! I'M UP HERE!

WAIT, JOE! IT MIGHT BE A TRAP!

FRED'S HERE, AN! GET HIM! IS WHAT WE BUSTED OUT FOR! C'MON!



UNEXPECTEDLY, THEY MET WITH ANOTHER SURPRISE...

WE'RE ALONE -- THE SUCKER!

HE'S FLYIN' HERD! GOOD! LET'S MAKE HIM A DEAD HERO! YOU GUARD THE DOOR, DEL! I'LL GO OUT ON THE FIRE ESCAPE!



MINUTES LATER!

JOE'S UP, DOUBLE-CROSSER! NOW'S PAY-OFF TIME!

HE'S GOT A GUN, BUT HE CAN'T FIRE IF YOU SHOULD KEPT RUNNING, SUCKER!

NO, DEL! KILLING ME WON'T HELP! CAN'T YOU SEE WHERE CRIMES TAKEN YOU? JOE! LISTEN--



IT WAS THEN THAT I WALKED INTO THE ROOM. I ASKED THE TWO RATS TO SURRENDER, BUT THEIR ANSWER WAS LEAD!

OKAY! I'VE GOT THE BAHN ANGRIL!

IT'S THAT COPPER FRIEND OF LEWIS! I TOLD YOU IT WAS A TRAP! HE -- WHEE!

OHAY!



I ALWAYS WAS A GOOD SHOT! THAT'S WHY, TODAY, FRED IS BACK AT HIS RESTAURANT, AND I -- WELL -- THE COMM- MISIONER'S CALLING ME NOW!



AND NOW, A PROMOTION FOR EXCEPTIONAL BRAVERY -- A LIEUTENANCY FOR SGT. ALFRED ROBINSON!

I WAS PROUD, BUT MY HEART ALSO SWELLED WHEN I RECALLED THE MAN THE KILLERS WOULDN'T FORGET -- AND NOW HIS EXAMPLE OF SELF-SACRIFICING COURAGE WON HIM AN UNFORGETTABLE SPOT IN THE HEARTS OF HIS COMMUNITY -- AND MINE!

THE END

BIG GUN of the GOON SQUAD

IT WAS SEPTEMBER 3, 1942, AND THE BLAZE OF WORLD WAR TWO WAS NO MORE BRUTAL THAN THE JOE OF MAYHEM AND MURDER FOR MONEY THAT WAS TO BE JOINED BY AL FURNELL, PROFESSIONAL STINK-BREAKER AND CREATOR OF THAT VERY WON "BOONZ INCORPORATED". THERE WAS JUST ENOUGH POW THAT WENT TO DISGUISE THE ENTRANCE OF FURNELL'S TUG-BOAT AS IT SLID INTO THE WHARF OF THE STAIN-BOUND CRESCENT MANUFACTURING COMPANY, LOADED WITH MURDER.



IN A MATTER OF MINUTES IT WAS OVER... THE STRONGERS WERE BEATEN TO THE GROUND!

GRAT! CLEAR OUT BEFORE THESE GOONS START WAKIN' UP! BACK TO THE BOAT! "JOHN LAM" WILL NEVER FIGURE THIS GAMES OUT!



THE CARDS OF THOSE CHARGED AWAY FROM THE WHARF AND FURWELL PAID OFF HIS CREW...



SEE, BOSS... THAT WAS EASY MONEY! A DOUBLE SABBUCK FOR TWENTY MINUTES EASY WORK!

SURE, STEVE, SURE! BUT REMEMBER... THE FIRST FUNK WHO OPENS HIS JAW ABOUT THIS, WILL BE SHUT UP FOR GOOD!

AN HOUR LATER, FURWELL ENTERED HIS BROOKLYN HOME AND WAS GREETED BY HIS ALARMED WIFE, ROSA...



SO? FIRST THEY BRING HOME PATE, ROSA DRINK AS A HORSE, AND NOW YOU COME!

"THEY" BROUGHT ROSA HOME? HA! HA! BOOD! ROSA IS MY PERFECT ALIBI! IS HE STILL HERE?

NO! HE WENT HOME TO HIS WIFE! LET THE DRUNKEN POOL KISS THE RED BOOD WIGHT THEN HE LEFT! WILL THAT MAKE YOUR "ALIBI" GOOD AND STRONG, AL?

YEARS, STRONG AS THE ROCK OF ABBATHAN! WHAT AN ACTOR THAT ROSA IS!



AND YOU'RE A POOL! THE POLICE WILL COME SOME DAY... TAKE YOUR DISGRACE HE AND THE CHILDREN! PLEASE, ALL... STOP WHAT YOU ARE DOING!



NO, I CAN'T THROW AWAY THE TEN YEARS IT TOOK ME TO BUILD THIS SET-UP JUST SO'S WE'LL HAVE HONOR AN FRIDE!

MEANWHILE, AT THE CRESCENT WHARF...

I SWEAR, MISDEEDY... AL FURWELL WAS WITH THE BOODS! THE SS BOODS HIRE FURWELL TO WORK US OVER!

THE COMPANY OFFICIALS DENY COMPLICITY, BUT IF YOU WEN A WAR-PLANET, WE'LL NAUL FURWELL IN FOR A GOOD!



YOU DON'T THINK THE BOODS WOULD ADMIT THEY HIRED FURWELL AND HIS BOODS, DID YOU? PURE, I'LL SIGN THE WARRANT... MAKE IT OUT FOR MURDER... TWO OF THE STRICKERS WERE MADE COMPLEX BY FURWELL'S THUGS!



THE NEXT MORNING, AL FURWELL WAS HAWLED INTO THE D.A.'S OFFICE, AND BOSS EVERTON WAS THERE...

TAKE A GOOD LOOK AT HIM, MR. EVERTON! IS HE THE ONE YOU SAY AND HEARD GIVE THOSE ORDERS FROM THE TWO?

YEAR, HE'S THE DIRTY DUNDUN' BOOD SOUND GENERAL!





A HALF HOUR LATER, AT THE VERY MOMENT PETE RINA, AS FURRELL, WAS ANSWERING SOME MORE OF THE D.A.'S QUESTIONS, AL FURRELL LUNKED OUTSIDE ROSS EVERTON'S HOME.

HIS WIFE'S WITH HER FOODS / SHE'LL ESTABLISH THE TIME OF HER POOR HUSBAND'S DEATH!



WHILE FURRELL'S SUN PUMPED DEATH, PETE RINA, MURDERING AS FURRELL, PUMPED LIFE.

BANG!
BANG!



THERE'S NO MISTAKE ABOUT IT, MURDERER EVERTON'S GOT A CASE OF MISTAKEN IDENTITY ON HIS HANDS!



I'VE QUESTIONED YOU AN HOUR, FURRELL! YOUR STORY JOES WITH THOSE OF YOUR WITNESSES! I'M BEGINNING TO THINK EVERTON IS BARKING UP THE WRONG TREE!

EXCUSE ME!



AFTER THE D.A. ANSWERED THE PHONE.

THERE WON'T BE ANY GRAND JURY INVESTIGATION REQUESTED BY EVERTON AFTER ALL, FURRELL! ROSS EVERTON WAS JUST SHOT TO DEATH!

WHAT? GOOD GRIEF! THE POOR GUY!



ROSS EVERTON DIED THE NIGHT OF SEPTEMBER 28, 1942, AND WITH HIM DIED THE SPIRIT OF THE ORIENTAL STRENGTH. THEY WENT BACK TO WORK THE MORNING OF SEPTEMBER 29 AND THE ONLY PAY INCREASE WAS IN FURRELL'S ENVELOPE.

HERE'S THE LAST PAYMENT... TWENTY THOUSAND DOLLARS!

THANKS, MR. GRANN! GLAD TO BE OF SERVICE!



NEVER AGAIN, I HOPE / YOUR TACTICS ARE TOO.

... RUTHLESS IS THE WORD, MR. GRANN! BUT IT SETS RESULTS, SHIP A'LONG!



MEANWHILE, AT THE D.A.'S OFFICE.

I JUST DON'T GET IT / NOT A CLUE TO EVERTON'S MURDER, AND WE'VE QUESTIONED EVERY WATERFRONT HOOD WE KNOW OF, AND STILL NO RESULTS!

HOLD IT, CHIEF! HERE ARE SOME RESULTS ON FURRELL!



WE CHECKED WITH THE CAPTAIN OF FURNELL'S TUG BOAT. FURNELL OWNS THE TUG ALL RIGHT, AND CAPTAIN, CREW AND SHIP'S LOG ALL TESTIFY THE TUG WAS PULLING A JUNK BARGE NUMBER 124-S UP TO ALBANY THE NIGHT OF THE SOON ATTACK ON THE CRESCENT STRIVERS!



THE ALBANY POLICE JUST WIRE BACK THIS CHECKUP REPORT: "BARGE WATCHMAN CLAIMS JUNK BARGE NO 124-S HAD BEEN ANCHORED AT ALBANY FOR PAST TWO MONTHS!"



WHAT? THE WEIRD FURNELL WAS LYING. HE COULD BE HEAD OF BOONS, INC. AND HE COULD'VE MURDERED EVERTON! BUT NOW? THIS NEEDS WORK! LET'S GO!

TWO MONTHS LATER, AT FURNELL'S - NOT APPROXIMATELY

WELL, I GOT A NEW JOB FOR YOU! THE HULME TOOL COMPANY STRIVERS! WE BREAK 'EM UP TONIGHT!



SURE, FURNELL... BUT YA GOTTA DOUBLE THE PAY! TERMS HAVE BEEN TOO HOT AND HEATY SINCE THE CRESCENT

LISTEN, YAKUM! MORDOY TELLS ME HOW TO RUN THIS CREW!



HEY... STOP HIM, YOU BUNTS!

YOU AIN'T TREATIN' US LIKE YOU TREATED EVERTON! YOU BROUGHT THE BULL'S BRAGGINS! ALL OVER THE WATERFRONT FOR KILIN' EVERTON! GET HIM, BOYS!



FURNELL WAS TOO SLOW BEFORE HE KNEW IT. THE BOOBS SAILED INTO HIM!

FULL A GUN ON US, TIGHT GUY!



AFTER THE LAST BOOB CLEARED OUT...

TH - THE YELLOW-BELLIED COWARDS!



FURNELL MANAGED TO GET HOME WHERE HE WAS TO MEET PETE NINA AND ESTABLISH AN ALIBI WHILE HE WAS BASHING IN HEADS AT THE MILLER PLANT, BUT HE FOUND THE HOUSE DESERTED!



"P-PETE...N-ROSE...TH- THE KIDS / EVERYONE SOME / WHAT'S THIS NOTE?"

IT'S FROM ROSE... "F-POLICE CAUGHT NINA / N-HE'LL TALK... CAN'T STAND DISGRACE... LEAVING YOU..."



PETE / I THOUGHT THE C-COPS...

YEAH, BUT W-ROSE- EY LET ME DO / COME ON...I'LL EXPLAIN LATER / THINGS ARE HOT FOR YOU, I KNOW WHERE ROSE WENT! TAKE HER AND GET OUT OF TOWN!



IN HIS HEART, DARED SOME, ROSE'S WORDS, "HE'LL TALK," DUMBED FEAR INTO FURNELL'S TRUSTED MIND...

IT'S A LIE / YOU TALKED... TH-THE COPS KNOW EVERY- THING! YOU'RE LEADING ME INTO A TRAP!

DON'T BE A FOOL...AL!



YOU RATTLED, PETE...RATTLED!

OWW!



F-FOOL...O-ONLY CAME TO T-TELL WHERE ROSE... AHHHH!

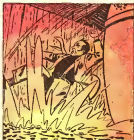
THEY WENT TRAP ME / I'LL GO TO THE TUB... SET MY MONEY IN THE SAFE THERE AND GET OUT OF THE COUNTRY!



THIRTY MINUTES LATER, AT THE TUB POND...

WAGGONY!

FURNELL / WHO BEAT YOU UP? THOUGHT I JUST SENT YOU HOME FROM MY OFFICE? BUT AS LONG AS YOU'RE HERE...



DANGEROUS PARTNER

Durand, it appeared, was not a man of means. His gray suit was patently a ready-to-wear, altered to a fit not too well. Himeloff, on the other hand, by the cut of his blue suit and the swagger of his topcoat, but more by his air of camp authority, would have won deference in most company.

Durand's manner suddenly was respectful, as if conceding that Himeloff was a man of separate attainments, or perhaps simply that a man who had a gun in his pocket, as Nikolai Himeloff evidently did, merited soft speaking.

"Please feel at home, Mr. Himeloff," Durand said. Himeloff brought a newspaper clipping from his vest pocket, handed it to Durand. "Perhaps this will refresh your memory—about me."

Durand glanced at the clipping. He sat down slowly in one of the overstuffed chairs. "You mean—you really are this man? Well, I—I've nothing valuable," Durand's full lips twitched. "I—I—"

Himeloff clipped, "Stand up again, Durand!" Durand, with difficulty, got to his feet. Himeloff came close to him and ran quick strong hands over Durand's pants. Under the strips, around the waist and the hip pockets, even stooping to feel of the crotch of Durand's legs where one can carry a small gun in a garter.

Himeloff stood back, "All right, sit down again." Himeloff took the other chair. He settled back, crossing long legs and lighting a cigarette. After a moment he said, "It's a shame, nervous like you, Durand, missing a fine profession. And murder, too. You shouldn't have done it."

Durand sat stock still for seconds, the color going from his rory face. Then he came half out of his chair. "Why, you—Murder? What do you mean? You madman!" He staggered, choking, his mouth open.

"Not a madman," Himeloff said gently. "But an angry man. You know, Durand the police have blamed me for stealing Mrs. John Smithers' seventy-five thousand dollar string of pearls, and killing John Smithers while doing it. There were evidences of my methods in the crime, the robbery part. But anyone could learn my methods by reading in the newspapers about my previous—er—triumphs."

Durand shook his head and spread his hands. "How could you possibly connect me with such a thing? You're confusing me with some one else. I'm just a salesman for office appliances."

Himeloff laughed quietly. "You should have stuck to your business and not yielded to temptation. How do I connect you? Well, the king of jewel thieves, as they call me, has to be much smarter than the law, if he's to defeat it as I have. I know you're the murderer, Durand."

"You're crazy!" Durand snapped. "But for the sake of argument, why should you turn detective?"

Himeloff cranked out his cigarette. "Isn't the reason obvious? I can't appear and defend myself against the suspicion that I murdered John Smithers. I'd be jailed for other robberies in which I have no abbin. And as long as I must take the blame, I want the profit, too."

"So I'm to produce the pearls, that is?" Durand asked. "And hand them over to you? Now, let's get this straight. The police know that I did once beat to Smithers' mansion, scheming an estimate for equipment for his downtown office. The police questioned me, as they did members of people who had had access to the mansion and might've known where the wall safe was. I was given a clean bill of health. But you're blissing on the chance I might have the pearls and you could scare them out of me for yourself."

Himeloff lit another cigarette, and the smoke came from his mouth as little swirls. "You have the pearls, Durand. But you can't turn them into cash. I can. I know the fences. I've been turning hot gems into money for years."

Durand nodded, shrugged. "Yes. You'd know all the tricks, of course, if you're Himeloff."

The dark man suddenly produced a champagne bag. He opened a draw string and poured onto the end table beside his chair a couple of bags and a brooch and a bracelet, all set with glittering gems.

"This stuff is worth about fifteen thousand," he said. "It's the loot from my job a couple of weeks ago, as noticed in that news clipping I gave you. The loot is listed there, if you care to check that this is the same."

Durand gasped. "Of all the cool asides! Confirming a robbery to me, producing the loot." He was not bothering to check with the newspaper clipping, as if he already knew details of the loot.

Himeloff shrugged. "We're both on the same boat. Durand outside the law. Except your boat is on rougher sea. You've killed. I never have—yet."

Durand demanded: "What's the object of showing me these stolen jewels?"

"Well"—Himeloff's smile was quaint—"I'll loan in my latest loot. You'll contribute yours. I'll turn it all into money and we'll split the take. One of the best fences in the business is waiting for me to come tonight. How about it?"

"How odd," Durand said. "I mean your idea that if I had seventy-five thousand worth of pearls I'd pool them with your fifteen thousand of stuff."

"You can't cash the pearls, Durand. Any fence with money enough would recognize them. He

wouldn't touch them for you, because there's blood on them. But he'd do business with an old timer like me, regardless."

"Well," Durand shrugged. "I haven't got the pearls. And do you suppose I'd show them if I had? And correct myself of murder. That'd be different from admitting merely robbery."

Himmluff grinned. "I suppose if I was a murderer, too, you'd trust me?"

Durand fingered the arm of his chair. If I'd pulled the Southern job, I guess that's how I'd feel, but you'd better get out of here, Himmluff. Somebody might come."

"My stuff here, plus your pearls, would fence for around forty thousand," Himmluff urged. "Wouldn't you rather have half of that, than nothing? You need help from somebody who knows the ropes."

Durand leaned back. "You make it attractive. In only I had the pearls. Twenty thousand dollars' cash?" He looked at the ceiling. "It's been interesting meeting you, Himmluff—'celebrity of sorts'."

"It's the law, Himmluff."

The hatch came down from the doorway. Both men stopped around to look. Himmluff's hand came out of his topcoat pocket with a gun, but he dropped it even in the motion of drawing it, for the big, broad man in tweeds standing in the doorway had the drop on him.

"Thanks, Himmluff." The man stepped in, a blood-red smile, the sort palmer use, steady as his hand. "You've gotten careless. You even forgot to close the door tightly and I was able to come in and listen. I've been waiting you for days."

The arrival was blocky-faced and heavily looking, with clear gray eyes. He walked over and picked up the rings and the gem-encrusted brooch from the end table where Himmluff had let his loot lay. He finished the bracelet, dropped it and bent to recover it. Himmluff's hand darted into the V of his jacket and metal gleamed. There were two quick explosions and little clouds of smoke came from the cloth of the topcoat of the newcomer who so obviously was a detective.

The detective spun around. He held onto his gun but he could not raise it. His eyes stared blankly but he did not fall. He coughed hoarsely, and red liquid ran from his mouth and down his chin. He took a quick step backward toward the door, another step, and with knees fighting to keep him up he stumbled and finally fell through the doorway with a thud that shook the floor. He rolled once and then lay still, his body in the hall, his feet, gleamy motionless, remaining within the room.

Himmluff walked swiftly to him, lifted his head and let it fall back. He waited a moment, listening closely. Durand had not followed him out, for Durand was otherwise engaged, getting something from the floor. He was out of his chair, standing with his hands behind his back.

"He's—he's dead?"

"Yes," Himmluff grinned. "It gives me a queer feeling, killing a man." He glanced at his victim's

big feet, shuddered.

"Was he alone?"

"Of course. If anyone'd been with him, they'd've come in, hearing the shots."

"Of course. Drop it, Himmluff!"

It was Durand speaking.

Himmluff had held his gun negligently by his side. Durand's hand, coming from behind his back, held the automatic pistol which Himmluff had dropped to the floor when the insurance dick came in. Himmluff let fall his second gun, a revolver. "You—why you?" He swore hoarsely.

"Sit down!" Durand rasped.

Himmluff sat down, staring with dark, frightened eyes at the blood-stun who now, armed, was his master.

Durand was laughing quietly. "Himmluff," he said, "Now we are in the same boat. Two men in a boat. You've killed a man. Neither of us dares tell on the other, so I can show you—"

He was in a corner, prying with a knife blade at a board in the floor. His gun stayed aimed at Himmluff. The board came up to Durand could grasp it with his fingers. He lifted it out, a three-foot length, then felt in the cavity beneath and brought up a long leather case.

Himmluff breathed hard. "The Southern pearls? You—you did it, then?"

Durand put back the board in the floor, stood up with the leather case in his hand. "Yes, Himmluff. And I *have* needed somebody who knew the fence. I didn't dare try turning them into cash myself. We'll get rid of this dick's body. Then we'll see your friend the fence and we'll talk over the split. I'll keep the gun."

Himmluff grinned. "You hold the cards?"

The big man in tweeds who was supposed to be dead loomed suddenly in the doorway. He was wiping reddish stain from his chin. Durand's gun swung and he pulled the trigger, but there only was a metallic snap. Himmluff's automatic had not been loaded.

The man called Himmluff laughed. "This live corpse, Durand, is Lieutenant Morgan of Hemsdale. I'm Captain Field, of the same. We arrested the real Himmluff two weeks ago, secretly, with the loss of his latest job which I brought here to convince you. There were only certain persons, Durand, who could know enough about Southern' house to pull the robbery—and the murder. You were one."

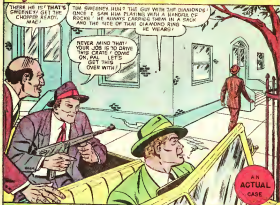
Morgan and I tried out act on several, finally you. Morgan has learned to 'die' convincingly under my revolver's blank cartridges—making me seem a killer and so more trustworthy to a real killer. Morgan's 'bleeding' was from a capsule of red dye in his mouth."

Lieutenant Morgan grinned. "I'm sure Durand will die so convincingly, before long."

Durand fell, flailing, and the leather case came open, showing the lovely sheen of pearls.

THE END.

In His Father's CRIMSON FOOTSTEPS



IN A DAY WHEN THE RACKETEERS REIGNED, AND CRIME REACHED ITS PEAK, TOM SWEENEY WAS REVERED AS UNUSUAL! HE CONDUCTED HIMSELF LIKE A BUSINESS MAN AND LIVED IN A FINE HOUSE ON A RESPECTABLE BLOCK. BUT THAT ALL CHANGED ON JUNE 12, 1936, AND SWEENEY'S BUSINESS CAREER CAME TO AN END.





HIS SWEENEY MOVED TO NEW YORK WITH HER SON, AND FOR TEN YEARS, SHE WAS ^{TRYING} TO KEEP THEM ALIVE BY GETTING A JOB IN THE NEEDLE TRADES, WHILE JACK WORKED IN A FACTORY. THEN, ONE DAY, IN 1935...









YOU WANT MORE
ACT 1 OR YOU
HAD ENOUGH?
THIS WID CAN
DESK OUT
PLenty
YET!

CALL HIM
OFF! I'LL
PAY!



THAT'S JUST
BECAUSE I
DON'T LIKE
THIS BURN
FACE? SO
I'VE GOTT
TO CHANGE IT!

HOLD IT, MID!
LET ME GET
ACROSS!
I GUESS YOU
KNOW BETTER
THAN TO CROSS
LENNY NOW.
RUN, ACE!

YEAH!
IT--IT
WON'T
WARPEN
AGAIN!



DOON! CRABER TOLD ME A CRABER
ABOUT YOU, MID! I'M GONNA TO PUT
YOU ON MY COLLECTIONS ROUSE!
YOU NEED A GUY LIKE YOU! YOU
GET PAID A HUNDRED A WEEK.
PLUS A PERCENTAGE OF THE TAKE!
HOW DOES THAT
SOUND?

GREAT! YOU
WON'T BE SCARED,
LENNY, I
PROMISE!



YOU SEE, MID, I RUN A BIG OPERATION!
WE DO EVERYTHING-- COUNTERFEITING,
POLICY NUMBERS, LOAN SHARK,
STOLEN CARS! SOMETIMES WE
FALL A HEIST, IF THE STAKES ARE
BIG ENOUGH! THIS AIN'T A TWO-BY
OPERATION, JACK! THERE'S LOTS
OF ROOM FOR A SMART
OPERATOR!



THROUGH THE NEXT TWO YEARS, JACK WENT UP IN AND
LENNY'S ORGANIZATION! HE TOOK TO HIS WORK WITH RELISH!
HIS FISTS BOAT OUT A TATTOO OF VIOLENCE...AND, SOMETIMES,
HIS LETHAL GUN SPAT DEATH!



AND AT LAST, JACK HAD WORKED HIS WAY UP TO
THE TOP, HE WAS BIG Lenny's RIGHT HAND
MAN-- HIS TRUSTED LIEUTENANT!

WE GOT A JOB COMIN'
UP, BONE! A SILK
SHIPPING THAT'S
ACHIN' TO BE US!
JACKED! JACK'LL
TELL YOU THE
DETAILS!

HERE'S THE STORY! I'LL
BE HEADIN' FOR THE CASE!
WE'LL TAKE IT WHEN THE
TRUCK SAVINGS OFF THE
RAIN! I'VE GOT AT
GUYAN! ANY
QUESTIONS?



YEAH! THAT GUY IS SOLD TO
THE AIR FORCE FOR PARACHUTES!
IF WE GET NABBED, IT'LL BE
A FEDERAL RAFF! I'M
AGAINST THE JOB!

SHUT UP!
WHERE THERE'S COINER
TO BE MADE,
WE AIN'T GONNA
TO TURN
CHICKEN!







The End

An Amazing NEW HEALTH SUPPORTER BELT

For men in their 30's, 40's, 50's
who want to
LOOK SLIMMER
and
FEEL YOUNGER



POSTURE BAD!
Got a 'Bay Window'?



DO YOU ENVY MEN
who can
'KEEP ON THEIR FEET'?



YOU NEED A
'CHEVALIER'!

DOES a bulging "bay window" make you look and feel years older than you really are? Then here, at last, is the answer to your problem! "Chevalier", the wonderful new adjustable health supporter belt is scientifically constructed to help you look and feel years younger!

The CHEVALIER

LIFTS AND FLATTENS YOUR BULGING "BAY WINDOW"

Why go on day after day with an "add-on" add-on bulge... or with a hard back that needs posture support? Just see how "Chevalier" brings you vital control where you need it most! "Chevalier" has a built-in strap. You adjust the belt the way you want. Forget Your "Bay-window" bulge! It's flat! In... Federal court you feel wonderfully comfortable!



DETACHABLE POUCH
An optional, scientifically designed and made to give wonderful support and protection.

Backrest, Adjustable Abdominal Control
It's proved! The new "Chevalier" will day long lift and hold in place your fat abdomen! There's because the two only 4 inch x 10 inch, plus the firm, yet compressible, in the "Chevalier" is designed according to scientific laws of muscular anatomy control! It's made for people to give you the comfort and support you need! Just use all the wonderful features before! And remember, you can get the "Chevalier" in 1955 \$19.95, with the extra right cost!

**TWO-WAY
STRETCH-TO-M
WORKER CLOTH**

Really helps in motion! Fully adjustable, you can stretch it to 10, 15, 20, 25, 30, 35, 40, 45, 50, 55, 60, 65, 70, 75, 80, 85, 90, 95, 100, 105, 110, 115, 120, 125, 130, 135, 140, 145, 150, 155, 160, 165, 170, 175, 180, 185, 190, 195, 200, 205, 210, 215, 220, 225, 230, 235, 240, 245, 250, 255, 260, 265, 270, 275, 280, 285, 290, 295, 300, 305, 310, 315, 320, 325, 330, 335, 340, 345, 350, 355, 360, 365, 370, 375, 380, 385, 390, 395, 400, 405, 410, 415, 420, 425, 430, 435, 440, 445, 450, 455, 460, 465, 470, 475, 480, 485, 490, 495, 500, 505, 510, 515, 520, 525, 530, 535, 540, 545, 550, 555, 560, 565, 570, 575, 580, 585, 590, 595, 600, 605, 610, 615, 620, 625, 630, 635, 640, 645, 650, 655, 660, 665, 670, 675, 680, 685, 690, 695, 700, 705, 710, 715, 720, 725, 730, 735, 740, 745, 750, 755, 760, 765, 770, 775, 780, 785, 790, 795, 800, 805, 810, 815, 820, 825, 830, 835, 840, 845, 850, 855, 860, 865, 870, 875, 880, 885, 890, 895, 900, 905, 910, 915, 920, 925, 930, 935, 940, 945, 950, 955, 960, 965, 970, 975, 980, 985, 990, 995, 1000, 1005, 1010, 1015, 1020, 1025, 1030, 1035, 1040, 1045, 1050, 1055, 1060, 1065, 1070, 1075, 1080, 1085, 1090, 1095, 1100, 1105, 1110, 1115, 1120, 1125, 1130, 1135, 1140, 1145, 1150, 1155, 1160, 1165, 1170, 1175, 1180, 1185, 1190, 1195, 1200, 1205, 1210, 1215, 1220, 1225, 1230, 1235, 1240, 1245, 1250, 1255, 1260, 1265, 1270, 1275, 1280, 1285, 1290, 1295, 1300, 1305, 1310, 1315, 1320, 1325, 1330, 1335, 1340, 1345, 1350, 1355, 1360, 1365, 1370, 1375, 1380, 1385, 1390, 1395, 1400, 1405, 1410, 1415, 1420, 1425, 1430, 1435, 1440, 1445, 1450, 1455, 1460, 1465, 1470, 1475, 1480, 1485, 1490, 1495, 1500, 1505, 1510, 1515, 1520, 1525, 1530, 1535, 1540, 1545, 1550, 1555, 1560, 1565, 1570, 1575, 1580, 1585, 1590, 1595, 1600, 1605, 1610, 1615, 1620, 1625, 1630, 1635, 1640, 1645, 1650, 1655, 1660, 1665, 1670, 1675, 1680, 1685, 1690, 1695, 1700, 1705, 1710, 1715, 1720, 1725, 1730, 1735, 1740, 1745, 1750, 1755, 1760, 1765, 1770, 1775, 1780, 1785, 1790, 1795, 1800, 1805, 1810, 1815, 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